"Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore"

Memorial Service held at Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, for Queen's men who have given their lives in the War.

DECEMBER 1st, 1918.

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The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston

Memorial Sermon

Preached by

REV. PRINCIPAL R. BRUCE TAYLOR, D. D.

PSALM 50: 5: "Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice."

But a few years ago it seemed as if it were the main object of our civilization to provide against all the contingencies of life. Men insured in half a dozen different directions that they might ward off the blows of fate. Life, property, income, soundness of limb—against the loss of all these things provision was made, and the character to be admired was the one that played for safety, and fulfilling its duties in a careful domestic way towards God and man, slept the sleep of the just. It was a view of life that unquestionably had its virtues, and also its very grave defects. It is not possible to make life safe, but the effort to do so may check the fine sense that the years here are a great venture of faith. But the general attitude of providing for the future spread itself till it covered everything, even University training and education. "Efficiency" was the ideal; the "practical man" was the desired product; and the main purpose of the University was conceived to be the instilling of a certain ordered sequence of valuable facts which would at once become available for the making of a livelihood. Worldliness is not the temper of any one age in particular. But when life has for decades run in certain lines, success or failure comes to be measured simply and solely by the standards of the market place. The man who was held to have "made good" was the man who had been able to make money, while the following of learning for learning's sake, the throwing away of material advantages for more leisure in which to grow, was regarded as the mark of an oddity.

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Suddenly across this prosperous, domestic, materialistic world the sounds of war rang out, and the only compulsion to take part in it was the compulsion of conscience. Indeed the urgency was not at first fully understood. It was hard to believe that war really meant war; hard to believe that lives were to be thrown away and civilizations to be wrecked in any such monstrous anachronism. It was all to be soon over. The financial stringency would throttle war. The madness of it would never allow the issue to be one purely of endurance and resources. But the war did go on. The weeks spread to months and the months to years. Each mail meant a clearer understanding of the horror that had been unloosed, and strangely enough, because of the knowledge of the horror, a clearer call to take one's place and to do one's part. "Business as usual" was a fatal cry. Nothing could be as usual, and it was only when we discovered that truth that the claim became compelling. The need was men, men, men; men to stop the gaps in the lines, men with the highest intellectual training, or men with no learning at all, but men who could stand the strain, and hold a gun, and shoot straight, and stay where they were placed till they died: men, free men, who should put themselves under the sternest discipline and undertake the severest hardships and carry a light heart into the most desperate endeavour. The call was answered magnificently. The problem was not how to get the men, but how to train them and arm them. The decision was made in full knowledge of all the facts, and men brought up in the faith that to ensure against to-morrow was a first responsibility dropped, on the moment, all that they had undertaken, and crossed the seas to fight in a war that was none of their choosing, and to meet, with little but their manhood, the enemy who had for a generation been laying the train of his assault.

Thank God, it all now lies behind us, and we pray that we, with those who come after us, shall war no more. Victory is ours, victory far more complete than we had dared to hope for. We have come through days that were dark

indeed, when faith seemed but a slender arm to lean upon. We feel that we are in touch with things that we do not wholly understand. "At the helm," to use Stevenson's phrase, "was that unknown Steersman, whom we call God." The mood of the Armistice day has passed. We shall never again awaken with such a thrill, perhaps never again rejoice with such unwonted tears and with such irrepressible laughter. Already we begin to see somewhat of the responsibility of the victors in the building up of a new heaven and a new earth. But we seek to join together in honouring the memory of men who held this place dear, of comrades who trained themselves, far better than they knew, in these classrooms and these playing fields, for the greatest struggle that mankind has ever known, and who, having done their work with conscience and with a free spirit, do now rest from their labours. It was not given to them to see of the fruit of their toil, but we who are alive and remain would send forth the rumour of them upon every wind of heaven.

For their sacrifice, and the sacrifice of tens of thousands like-minded with themselves, has saved the Empire. It is a strange, unstudied thing, this Empire, created in no small part by men who knew not what they were doing, and held together by ties that are all the stronger the more they are indefinite and intangible. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham was hardly even a skirmish as men measure these things to-day, but it secured for the British crown this Canada of ours. The ventures of merchant seamen, the cupidity of traders, the quixoticism of those who fled the conventions of civilized life, the efforts of the missionary, all these have built up this Empire to which we belong, and it has been administered in a temper that has been a marvel of unselfishness. There has been freedom of entrance everywhere for all white men, and the seas have been free to every ship save the pirate. There were days, not so many months ago, when it seemed as though a speedy dissolution might be the fate of this great and unique experiment in government by an unforced loyalty. That shadow has now passed.

For our Empire, as for all the rest of the world, the immediate result is loss, but we shall not allow our enemies in this moment of victory to sow dissension between the Allies as a whole, or the various dependencies of the Empire. We have won the war because we have beaten the enemy on sea and land, and those who have renewed the covenant of our sacrifice are knit together as men never were.

But the victory which our friends gave themselves to win has secured the liberties of the world. The theme is too well worn to be set down here; but it is right that we should remind ourselves that we fought for no merely national cause, worthy though that might have been, but for the liberties of mankind. Surely whom the gods will destroy they first of all make mad. There are other things in warfare besides physical might. The foe that makes the first spring has a vast advantage, but in the long run the things that tell are determination and a sense of a just cause. Our enemies left no possibility of doubt as to the side on which right and justice lay. The cause that was first of all so sure of its physical might that it could flout all the ancient sanctions of civilized life can hardly in the name of civilization appeal to the consideration of the victor after the long years of agony. When a whole people believe that obligations have no moral value, and human life in the person of defenceless women and children no claim on human protection; when they hound to death the captives who are helpless and watch without pity the drowning of maimed men and ministering women, it is time they learned the lesson that as men sow so shall they also reap. We should be heedless of the memory of our dead if in any foolish charity we allowed those who are guilty to escape the penalty of their unspeakable crimes. They have affronted the face of the world. The blood of Abel cries out from the ground, not in vengeance but in the defence of the liberties of those who come after us. There are certain sins that carry within them forever the seeds of death. In the ancient kingdom of Ephraim, the sin of Ahab against Naboth was remembered

against his stock until its final extinction. It was not merely that Ahab had slain an innocent man; it was that he had flouted the rights of humanity; he had sinned against the traditions of the fathers; he had uprooted a household from its seat and broken in wantonness the ties between the citizen and his ancestral land, apart from which he had no place in Israel. Our men died that a crime of the same nature although a million-fold greater might receive its just reward. They fought for the liberties of the world, and we who have been spared must see to it that they shall not have fought in vain.

The sacrifice of our friends has brought back to the world the real meaning of religion, "My saints, those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." But the other day, for many men not heedless of their ways, religion was a mere convention. They may have misunderstood it. Perhaps they never sought to understand it. Perhaps it had never been presented to them as having in it any note of a crusade. They understood it to deal with creeds which they did not feel could be to them a real issue, or with negations which might very well be observed apart altogether from so elaborate a system of things as the Christian Church presented. The Gospel read without commentary or elision had many straight things to say and implied certain claims which the Christian religion, reduced to a system, appeared to ignore. Whenever a faith was turned into a system it lost its soul. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword." Whatever the context, that did not appear to give much support to a great many namby-pambyisms and social timidities that hid themselves under the guise of charity and a Christian spirit. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Again, on the face of it, there was nothing here to encourage the endowment assurance view of life. And in its broad outline the life of Christ was not a story dealing with the relevance of genealogies or the possibility of miracle. It was the story of a

life that rejected prudential standing and refused to be cautious. In its various assertions of purpose there was evidence of the strong human nature, proof of the pull of merely material considerations even upon our Lord. "Get thee behind Me, Satan," are the words of One not untouched by the setting forward and by the snare of the easier way. But He claimed the right to throw away His life if the object were adequate. He set forth His own purpose as a general statement. No life was saved that was not lost, and it was hard even for Him to put into the sacrifice of the Cross His own knowledge and faith.

There never is any easy way of doing the things that are worth doing. There comes a point when only sacrifice will secure the result; personal, not vicarious sacrifice. Do you remember how our hearts shrank from it when we were told that victory could only be achieved by a military decision on the Western Front? Our experience at that time had been confined to the retreat from Mons, and the first battle of Ypres; the abortive struggle of Neuve Chapelle, and the tragedy of incoordination at Loos. A military decision! The thing seemed to be impossible; but the leaders were right. It was only by sacrifice that the war could be won. So far as the Canadians were concerned, the Salient, the Somme, Vimy, the mud of Passchendaele, Arras, Amiens, Cambrai, these desperate struggles marked the way to the final victory, but on the road blood was shed like water and our long Roll of Honour is our witness to some of those saints who made the covenant with God by sacrifice.

There are men here, I know, who will bear me out when I say that there was on those days of active service a liberty of spirit such as they never before experienced. For the world was behind their backs. They had made the great decision. Whatever might come to them would find them not surprised and not unprepared. And behind it all, even in the case of men of our stock who refused to analyze their motives, there was the sense that here was a quest wholly unselfish; a struggle that meant for them but horror and

dirt and stench; separation from all that made life worth living; wounds and bruises and festering sores; and yet a struggle through which they were able to utter their faith in ideals and their conviction that right must reign. The men who did this were men who in civilian life were slaves to many a trivial fear; to the fear of public opinion; fear of doing the wrong thing; of creating the wrong impression; of wearing the wrong kind of tie. But they gave themselves for what they thought was true, and in a moment these meaner sanctions fell away and they became free. They lost their lives and they found them.

There is a verse in the book of Daniel which describes how the king, looking into the burning fiery furnace, saw four men there when only three had been cast into the flames: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; *and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.*" That divine companionship has been known in these days by many to whom the more formal religious statements meant nothing. But while only some have known it, all have possessed it. And to-day we have in remembrance that noble company who jeoparded their lives to the death.

The following Graduates, Alumni, Undergraduates and Members of Staff of Queen's University have been killed or died while on active military service, 1914-1918; to the number of one hundred and fifty-one.

L. Brooks Adams
Henry Harold Allen

Herbert Shorey Baker
William Falconer Battersby
Vernon Savile Beevor
Aimers Stirling Bertram
James Tennent Whitworth Boyd
John Harrison Branion
Russel Hubert Britton
William Elmer Brown
William Fisher Brownlee
William Cassels Buchanan
Adelbert Roy Bush

Douglas Hanley Calhoun
John Carmichael
Ernest Dale Carr-Harris
Percy Calvert Caverhill
George V. Clark
C. E. Cole
Edward Fair Corkill
Stanley John Creighton
John Stewart Crerar
Stanley Lavell Cunningham

John Dall
Franklin Groves Daly
Albert Murdock Daniels
Calvin Wellington Day
Walter Perry Detlor
Hew Ramsay Duff
Harry Dunlop
William Rutherford Dunlop

Wallace Sinclair Earle
Elijah John Ellis

Harold Peter Fairbairn
Thomas Harold Fennell

Gordon Stanley Fife
Peter McLaren Forin
Farquhar Caldwell Fraser

Earle Bruce Galbraith
William Gibbs Garrett
Edward Welland Gemmill
Russell Longworth Germain
Reginald Herbert Gilbert
Francis Roy Goodearle
Charles Allen Goodwillie
Joseph Albert Gordon

Frederick Aubrey Hanley
Melville Hastings
William George Hazlett
Clifford C. Henderson
Harold Frederick Hill
Henry Adrian Horn
Frederick Gordon Hughes

Harry Love Jarman
Charles Lucas Jeffrey
James Mills Johnston
Clare F. Jones

Robert Andrew Kane
Patrick Sylvester Kennedy
Stuart Kennedy
John Kincaid

John Gordon Laing
Wilbert Stewart Laing
Ruric Harold Lalande
Frederick James Larken,
Frederick Foster Laturney
Clarence Victor Lawrence
Wilfred Edwin Lawson
Norman Ewing Leckie
Herbert John Lineker
James Oscar Lloyd

Earle Cornelius McCaig
Donald Morgan McCannel
James Irwin McClellan
John Angus Macdonald
Russell Stewart Macdonald
Edwin Jamison McDougal
Foster Murray Macfarland
William Clark McGinnis
James Maxwell McIlquham
Angus McIntosh
Peter Mackintosh
Douglas Neil McIntyre
William George McIntyre
Malcolm Archibald McKechnie
Thomas William Fingland MacKnight
Peter Malcolm McLachlan
Roderick Ward Maclennan
Ian Robert Reckie Macnaughton
James Grant MacNeill
Donald George MacPhail
James Leonard McQuay

William Manning
Herbert St. Clair Marlatt
Frederick George Martyn
James Frederick Matheson
Eric Horsey May
Thomas Arthur Metheral
John Salter Mills
Harry Sutherland Minnes
Thomas Wilfrid Montgomery
Frederick Norman Moore
John Macdonald Mowat
John Ernest Muckle
Robert James Muil
Sterndale Joseph Murphy
Andrew Myllymaki

Harold Vernon Nethercott
John Wesley North

William Chas. O'Donoghue

George Beattie Patterson
John Henry Patton
Leslie James Phillips
Ralph Aberdeen Phillips
Benjamin Clifford Pierce
Weston Ward Pitt
John Percy Pringle
Claude Chester Purdy

Frank Granger Quigley

Charles McKillop Reid
George Taylor Richardson
John Ross Riddell
Donald James Roach
Garfield Redman Rogers
Stanley Arthur Rutledge
Arthur Charles Ruttan

Campbell Craig Scott
John Herald Serson
Edgar Zephaniah Sexton
Albert Jacob Shaver
Allan William Shea
Thomas Ralph Shearer
George Luther Sills
Stanley Douglas Skene
John Harold Chattawa Smith
Thomas D'Arcy Sneath
Lyell Campbell Spence
John Herchmer Stewart
William James Stewart
George Banby Syddall

James Harold Talbot

Richard Herbert Louis Uglow

Alvin Edmund Wartman
Claude Edmund Watchorn
Charles Gordon Webster
Arthur West
Kenneth Fenwick A. Williams
Eric Victor Wilson
Harold Stinson Wilson
Arthur Vincent Wood

John Lant Youngs.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off."

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KINGSTON, ONT.

Lt. Col. Alex. Fraser

Officer in Archives

Toronto.